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DON POEM.

WITH LARGE NOTES,

GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF THE MOST ANCIENT FAMILIES, CASTLES, AND CURIOSITIES ON DON AND ITS BRANCHES,

WITH

A FULL ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLES OF HARLAW, BRECHIN, AND ALFORD, *&c.*

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BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

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DON POEM.

PALLAS (*a*), immortal maid! thy ſuccours bring,
While I the Donean heroës ſtrive to ſing.—
On Don's fair banks, what mighty battles fought,
What glorious deeds our gallant ſires have wrought!
Which of our youth heroic titles claim,
And who in foreign fields have purchas'd fame.
When rural beauty ſhall our fancy fire,
On the enamell'd plain the Muſe inſpire,
Pan ſhall direct, make each idea ſhine,
But what heroic is, muſt all be thine.
O gentle Pan! deign on my verſe to ſmile,
While I attempt my Hugo to beguile
To thoſe fair plains, where free from care and noiſe,
And vain ambition, which our peace deſtroys,
Securely gay our noble thoughts we'll raiſe:

(*a*) Pallas, one of the names of Minerva, god of wiſdom and knowledge. Pan, among the Heathens, was the god of the ſhepherds, hunters, and country people, and ſometimes conſidered as the univerſal deity, or god of nature. His picture was compoſed of the principal things that are viſible, and though his name is not found in the Scriptures, yet it is ſuppoſed that the Heathen have taken many circumſtances of Moſes' life, and applied them to their god Pan, repreſenting their deity with horns, like Moſes, who always carried a wand in his hand.

Without reſtraint, here may'ſt thou exerciſe
Thoſe virtues, which thy generous boſom fire;
Here find a friend thoſe virtues to admire.
By ſilver ſtreams, where purling Don takes riſe,
(*b*) Beneath a mountain, tow'ring to the ſkies,

(*b*) Don takes its riſe in the hill of Glenaven, which is a very high and rugged mountain; it divides Mar and Badenoch, and is ſo cold, that ſnow is ever to be found in its hollows, which are many, even in the hotteſt ſummer. As we go along the river, about ſix miles from the ſource of the Don, we ſee the caſtle of Cargarff, which was taken poſſeſſion of by the rebels at Culloden. Lord Ancrum came north with 2000 of the king's troops to beſiege it; but before he got that length, they were all fled. He took poſſeſſion of the ſame, and it has been employed as a barrack ever ſince, and ſoldiers kept in it to ſuppreſs any tumult that might happen in that part of the country. A little below the caſtle is a ſtone bridge of one arch, over Don, on the road that leads from Edinburgh to Fort William, &c. and another one on a ſmall rivulet that falls into the Don, a little below the bridge called Cock-bridge, (which is the only Engliſh name I know of in Cargarff); the reaſon of its being ſo called was this,—When the above road was made, the king built theſe two bridges, and a maſon in Edinburgh has an allowance from government to uphold them for the behoof of the ſoldiers that are marching from the northern forts to or from Edinburgh. The people who kept the public houſe at the end of the bridge, had for their ſign a Red Cock painted and hung up, which made the ſoldiers coming that way enquire for the Cock-bridge, which name it retains to this day. A little above this is an elegant houſe, with ſtables, &c. built ſome years ago by Sir William Forbes of Craigievar, for the accommodation of himſelf and other gentlemen during the fowling ſeaſon. The church of Lincorn is part of the pariſh of Strathdon, and the miniſter has ten pounds paid him by government for preaching, &c. to the ſoldiers of the caſtle who attend there. Near this is Corryhoul, where there has been a chapel in the time of popery, and its burial-ground is ſtill uſed for burying many of the people in Cargarff; and all the ſoldiers who die in the caſtle are interred there, with all the ceremonies that are uſed in the army. But its ap-

Where chryſtal brooks with gentle murmurs glide,
From neighb'ring hills, and ſwell the ſov'reign tide,
(c) O'er golden ſand the lovely Conry glides,
Shining, his ſtream with grateful murmurs ſtrides,
Till Don, ſuperior, all his beauty hides.
Between whoſe banks, we in abundance find
Variety of trouts of different kind;
Upon whoſe ſides, within the water clear,
The yellow ſpots like burniſh'd gold appear,
Whoſe dazzling pride the fiſher-men ſurpriſe,
Like Phœbus, when he gilds the morning ſkies.
(d) The Ernan, ruſhing with uncommon force,
Cuts through the rocks to keep his rapid courſe;
Gathers new ſtreams, and ſwelling as he flows,
His full collection in the river throws.
(e) Smooth winding Carvie, trace thro' fertile ground
Fam'd for the various eels, which there abound:

pearance is very odd like, as there is no dyke about the graves, and from its lying remote from any houſe, in an open field.—On the ſouth ſide of Don, oppoſite to Skellator, is a natural wood of birch, called Dalehandy.——Adieu to Cargarff.

(c) There is nothing notable here, but a neat houſe at Glen Conry, for the widow ladies of Invernan.

(d) On this branch is ſituated the places of Invernan and Edinglaſſie. In Glen Ernan the deer are to be ſeen in great numbers; but for a perſon to kill any of them is a capital crime, though they deſtroy the corn in that neighbourhood.

(e) Carvie has nothing curious to boaſt of, except a natural rock in the ſlooks of Glen Carvie, in form of a pyramid, called Caſtle Wilſon; it is about 60 yards high, and has a cave within, which was a retreat for the highland robbers in days of old, but is at preſent inhabited by foxes. At Toman Caple is to be ſeen the remains of an old chapel and burying-ground; below this is the bridge of Fultullie, or Deviliſhole; the bridge has only one arch, of about 70 feet wide, thrown over between two precipices; it is founded upon a rock, over which the water falls in kind of a caſcade, into the depth below, with an

With eaſy grace he ſilently runs on,
And pays his homage to the kindly Don.
(f) Then Nouchty, rolling with a pace more ſlow,
Collects the ſprings which near his borders flow,
And then with pleaſure joins the floods below.
Proud Innernettie, through delightful ſhades,
Falls down the hill in beauteous caſcades.

uncommon noiſe. The hole itſelf is ſo very deep, that no bottom is to be ſeen the cleareſt day; and what adds to its awfulneſs is, that it is between two great heughs, and every time the river overflows, it undermines part of the heugh on the ſouth ſide, which falls down and is carried along the current; and as the road goes along the top of the heugh, it is very dangerous for travellers who paſs that way when it is dark.

(f) At Innernochty is an artificial mount, about 60 yards high, called the Doune of Innernochty; it is almoſt perpendicular; has had a deep ditch ſurrounding it; was ſupplied with water from the river Bardack, but is now almoſt dry; it has been walled round the top; the ſides of the gate, which was on the ſouth ſide, are yet ſtanding, and ſo hard, that they are impenetrable with any tool; they look as if all had been run in a lump with fire, and are in colour like iron ore; on it are ſtill to be ſeen the ruins of a caſtle, and other houſes; the church ſtood here formerly. In 1358, Alexander Kinimonth, biſhop of Aberdeen, elected the parſon of Innernochty one of the prebends; the church now ſtands upon the oppoſite ſide of the river. At Culquhonny are the remains of an old caſtle, but by whom, or when built, is not known. At Buchaam, or Cows Howe, is an earthen-houſe, i. e. what is called a Pict houſe, made by them in the time of their perſecution, into which they retreated with their goods. The entrance thereof is at the town of Buchaam, and ends at Donſide, on the haugh of Daleen, about a mile diſtant from the town; it is about four feet high and ſix wide, both ſides built with ſtone, and covered with flags, then covered with earth; but how far from the ſurface is not known. People are afraid to go into it, leſt they ſhould be choaked with ſtagnant air, or tore to pieces by wild beaſts.

(g) Deſkrie, thro' verdant meads, with water ſweet,
And urns o'erflowing, runs the Don to meet;
With his red trouts, whoſe ſpots, like rubies fine,
Mix'd among ſilver ſcales, refulgent ſhine.
(h) Next Bucket, o'er a ſtony channel rolls,
Whoſe rapid ſtream no obſtacle controuls,
Till he has paid his duty with the reſt,
And is within the arms of Don careſt.
(i) Then Kindy, o'er a clear and ſhining ſand,

(g) It takes its riſe in the hill of Morven; has a ſtone bridge at Rippachie, was built in 1768. Its only antiquity is the hill of Cairnbay, on which was fought that memorable battle betwixt the clan Riochs, and the clan Bays, where the chief of the Bays was killed, with many of his followers, who were buried under the cairns, with which the hill abounds; the remains of his clan ſtayed three days, raiſing a great heap of ſtones over him: it was of enormous ſize, but of late years Mr. Mitchell took moſt of it away to build dykes. Not far from this is one of like kind, called the Cairn of Fequaek, and another on the hill of Cloch-Cur, with ſmall ones, which indicate that many men have fallen there. Tradition ſays, that the burn of Fequaek ran blood 24 hours.

(h) Glenbucket belonged to the Gordons, who took part with the Pretender, which forfeited their eſtate. Lord Fyſe is now the proprietor of the whole pariſh. At the mains is a ſtrong caſtle in form of a Z; one of its wings is unroofed, but the caſtle is inhabited by the preſent farmer, W— W. Above the door is engraven, J. Gordon, M. Carneggy, 1623. At Belnaglack is a yird houſe, ſimilar to that at Buchaam. It ends at the Lochry head of Kindy.

(i) The only antiquities here are the remains of a Popiſh chapel and burial-ground at the Chapel-town, with a fountain of excellent water, called Belronald, having been conſecrated by his Holineſs' legate in times of old; the country people eſteem it as ſacred to this day. At the Cot-town of Glenkindy is one of theſe ſubterraneous paſſages, called Pict or yird-houſes, ſaid to terminate in the Cabrack. At Mains of Towie is a caſtle which was never finiſhed; it had all its lower flat arched, and one end of four ſtories ſlated; it broke three lairds in rear-

Drives to the river all his finny band.
(k) North-eaſt of this Kildrimmy Caſtle ſtands;

ing up what of it now remains; and the three different kinds of work are viſible to this day. Here ſtands the pariſh church, built in 1662; it is 30 yards long, but very narrow; the walls are remarkably ſtrong, being built with well-tempered lime. It ſtood formerly at Nether Towie, about a mile ſouth of this, till one John Wattie, about 30 years ago, plowed the old church-yard to ſow corn in it, and tore up the bones of a dead perſon, ſaid to be Lady Campbell, who was the laſt perſon buried there: ſhe, with her children and ſervant maid, were choaked with the ſmoke, when Adam Gordon of Achindown ſet fire to the caſtle of Cargarff, in her huſband's abſence, who burned Achindown in return. At Kinbattock, or Kilbartha, i. e. the north burial, is a ſmall artificial mount, which has had houſes upon it, and a moat ſurrounding it, called the Rivar of Kinbattock, and at Fichly is another much higher, ſimilar to the Downe of Innernochty. At Belnaboth, near Towie, is another old Chapel, and burial-ground, beautifully ſituated on a ſouth expoſure, with a ſpring of excellent water iſſuing out below. It is worthy of notice, that there is a fountain of fine water near each of theſe Chapels.

(k) Kildrimmy Caſtle has been a ſtately and magnificent building, as the remains of it ſtill ſhew. It is not known by whom it was built, but ſuppoſed to have been by the Romans, becauſe of its ſeven towers. It was the ſeat of the ancient Scots Kings before they were united with the Picts; afterwards the principal ſeat of the Earls of Mar; had a church and all other neceſſary houſes belonging to it, within its own walls, which were very ſtrong, and a ditch ſurrounding, with a deep den on the weſt ſide, with a rivulet about 60 yards from the bottom of the Caſtle, having a ſubterranean paſſage from under the Caſtle to the rivulet. It was built of hewn ſtone on each ſide, and arched; it is 12 feet wide, and 10 high. The Caſtle ſtands on the top of an eminence, projecting into a deep glen; the building occupies the level on the top of the hill, and is arranged in form of a Pentagon, defended at the angles by very ſtrong and lofty towers; one of which, called the Snow, is ſtill 50 yards high. The court within is ſpacious, being about an acre. A particular kind of columns, and the vaſt height or

Mar's ancient ſeat, who Don and Dee commands:
The chiefs he rules with ſuch a gentle ſway.
That to the foaming ocean all obey.

length of windows, indicate where the place of wòrſhip has been; but the enrichment, and even the form of it, are nearly loſt, and make with the reſt of the pile one common ruin.

All the vaults in the Snow tower are left open in the middle; through theſe paſſed a maſſy chain, ſuſpended at the top, for raiſing water from a well in the bottom to the higheſt apartments. Some old men remember to have ſeen the laird of Wardhouſe take it away when he bought the land.

The caſtle was all built of free ſtone, (with which the eminence on which the caſtle ſtands, and its neighbourhood, abounds) ſo exactly hewn and joined together, that the point of a knife could not enter between them; had few lights, but was a fabric of admirable workmanſhip, executed in a manner ſuperior to any yet known. Owing to its peculiar ſtrength and ſituation, it became the aſylum of the Kings in time of war, and of many noble families. When the forces of King Robert Bruce were routed at Methven, by the Earl of Pembroke, and the King retreated with his army, the ladies his relations crowded to his ſtandard for his protection, whom he placed in his Caſtle of Kildimmy, which he eſteemed impregnable.

In 1306, when a ſiege was expected, his wife and daughter eſcaped through the paſſage under-ground, and fled to the ſanctuary of St Duthak at Tain; but the Earl of Roſs betrayed them, and delivered them to the Engliſh.

It was ſoon after beſieged by the Engliſh, under the command of the Earls Lancaſter and Howard. One Oſburn, a blackſmith, who lived in Greenſtyle hard by, agreed with the enemy to ſet it on fire, on condition that they would give him plenty of gold, which they promiſed to do. As ſoon as the darkneſs of the night favoured his black deſign, he thruſt a hot boulter through a ſmall window into one of their hay rooms, which ſet it on fire, and made it ſurrender to the enemy; who melted gold and poured down his throat, as a juſt reward due to his merit.

When Edward III. wiſhed to add Scotland to his crown, and for that purpoſe invaded it, the heirs and adherents of

The Forbes' river oft the Don they call,
'Cauſe that brave clan are maſters of it all;
And with the Keiths and ancient Fraſers join,
To ſerve the offspring of old Fergus' line.
Pardon, dear Hugh, whilſt I do here repeat,

Robert Bruce defended this fortreſs againſt the enemy during the moſt ſucceſsful inroads, and from thence conſiderably harraſſed them.

In 1333, Kildrimmy was one of the few caſtles which were poſſeſſed by the few friends of Scotland. It was then held by the venerable Chriſtian Bruce, ſiſter to Robert I. and mother of the late owner, Donald Mar, Earl of Mar, ſlain the year before at the battle of Duplin; nor could the Engliſh wreſt it out of the hands of the Scotch loyaliſts ever after.

The Earl of Athol courted the favour of Edward; and being deſirous of doing him ſome diſtinguiſhed ſervice, in promoting the deſign of conquering Scotland, ſeized the Caſtle of Kildrimmy.

He viſited it Nov. 1335 with 3000 men, on the appearance of a ſmall army who maintained independence. Athol raiſed the ſiege, that he might diſperſe them. The garriſon ſallied out on his rear, and he was cut off, with moſt of his followers. From his defeat, and death, in the field of Kilblean, the ſpirit of liberty re-animated Scotland. Edward, after this, was glad to get away, and be at peace with Scotland at any rate.

Kildrimmy continued the ſeat of the family of Mar. In 1360, on a quarrel between David II. and Thomas the then Earl, it was beſieged and taken by the King, who placed a garriſon in it; and Mar obtained leave to go beyond ſeas, but ſoon regained the King's royal favour.

The place fell, by marriage, to the noble family of the Erſkines, afterwards created Earls of Mar. It was their ſeat until the beginning of this century, but was forfeited in the year 1715, and from that time went to ruin.

Earl Fyfe has the title or ſupremacy of it, and has been at much pains to preſerve a chamber in the Snow tower, where his agents might tranſact buſineſs with his tenants.

(*l*) How Brux of old became the Forbes' ſeat——
See through this glen a beauteous riv'let glide,
Adorn'd with birch and aller on each ſide;
The lovely heireſs of the Cameron race,
In ancient days was miſtreſs of this place:
A tender virgin ſhe alone was left,
Of father, and of brothers too, bereft,
By the baſe Muat, who poſſeſs'd Braemar,
And 'gainſt the Donean youth engag'd in war:
Kildrimmy's lord was guardian to the fair.
The virgin vow'd, none ſhould poſſeſs her charms,
But he who, for her love, in glitt'ring arms
Should own her quarrel in the duſty field,
And in her cauſe the hoſtile ſword ſhould wield.

(*l*) Brux, ſeat of the ancient Camerons, who were engaged in a war with Muat laird of Abergeldie, and poſſeſſed moſt part of Braemar. To put an end to theſe diſputes, Cameron laird of Brux, and Muat, engaged to meet at the hill of Drumgaudrum, near Brux, and to bring 12 men on each ſide, and there decide the quarrel by the ſword. Muat treacherouſly brought two men on each horſe. Brux and his two ſons, with moſt of his men, were killed—Muat's two ſons, and laird of McFadden, with ſome more, were killed, and were all buried there; which place bears the name of McFadden to this day. Brux left none but one only daughter, named Katharine, under Mar's care, againſt whom Muat had rebelled, altho' his vaſſal. Brux taking the Earl's ſide, cauſed the quarrel. The young lady made a vow, never to marry but him that ſhould revenge her father's death. Lord Forbes had four ſons, one of whom falling in love with her, challenged Muat to meet him on the 8th of May, at a place in the head of Glenbucket, called Badenoyn. They both kept the appointment, but for fear of treachery, brought 600 on each ſide. When they met, to prevent more bloodſhed, they agreed to ſingle combat; and both parties vowed to live in peace with him who came off victorious. At this place, Muat was ſlain by Forbes, and a monument raiſed upon his grave, which is called Clochmuat, or Muatſtone, to this day.

(*m*) Druminor's ſon, with warlike ſoul inſpir'd,
To ſerve the nymph, by whom his ſoul was fir'd,

(*m*) Druminor, or Caſtle Forbes—near this was fought the battle of Tillyangus, the 9th Oct. 1572, between the Gordons and the Forbeſes. They fought the battle of Craibſtone that ſame year.

That which doth ſufficiently teſtify the antiquity of this ancient and ſpreading family is, a grant from King Alexander the Second, about 1230, to Fergus, the ſon of John, of the lands and tenements of Forbes, or Druminor, in the county of Aberdeen, and from thence is deſcended the ſurname of Forbes, as was the cuſtom in thoſe days, the firſt or ſecond of thoſe names was Alexander Forbes, who in 1303 reſolutely defended his caſtle of Urquhart, near Elgin, againſt King Edward I. which being taken by ſtorm, and the whole garriſon being put to the ſword, by which ſtroke the family had been extinct, but for his wife being with child of a ſon, named Alexander, which Alexander, in reward of his father's loyalty, obtained from King Robert Bruce divers lands, but poſſeſſing a military ſpirit, like his father, was ſlain at the battle of Duplin in 1332, on the part of King David Bruce, againſt Edward Balliol; his ſon, Sir John Forbes of Caſtle Forbes, acquiring from Thomas Earl of Mar ſeveral lands in the county of Aberdeen, was therein confirmed by charter, in the 5th of Robert the Third. This Sir John married Elizabeth Kennedy, a daughter of the family of Dunure, by whom he had three ſons, all knighted, and of theſe John the youngeſt was founder of the family of Tolquhon, from whom is deſcended the Forbeſes of Culloden, Watertown, and Foveran. William II. was anceſtor to the Lord Pitſligo, and Alexander, the oldeſt, was heir, which Alexander married a daughter of the family of Douglas, and obtained a grant from the Regt. Earl of Buchan of the lands of Muckle Fintray, Blacktown, and Balcroſs, to him and Elizabeth his wife, and was therein ſucceeded by their ſon James, which James was knighted by James III.

James III. called alſo Lord Forbes, and marrying Egila, daughter to William Keith, Earl of Marſhall, had two ſons, William, who ſucceeded him, and Patrick, from whom is deſcended the family of Corſe, anceſtors of Sir William Forbes of Craigievar, and the Earl of Gravaid in Ireland.

The dang'rous taſk did boldly take in hand,
To free the country from the barb'rous band.
The treach'rous Muat all his threats deſpiſe—
Vain of his forces, and gigantic ſize,
Dar'd the brave youth to join in open field,
Arm'd with the ſword, the helmet, and the ſhield,
Near Bucket's ſtreams, upon the eighth of May,
To meet, and there decide the doubted day.
Six hundred men, there all in warlike weed,
Who knew to uſe their arms in time of need,
With him he'd bring, or, if he durſt rely
On his own force, himſelf ſhould him defy.
The youth, with joy this propoſition took,
And on the day, attended at the brook,
With equal numbers, which he hither drew,
Of his own clan, all truſty men and true.
Stung with ambition, Muat thus began;
Advancing ſingly, call'd to ſee the man
Who durſt that day with him, in open field,
Truſt to his fate, and try the ſword and ſhield.
Fir'd with his love,—impatient of delays,
The noble youth advanc'd, and boldly ſays,
"Proud boaſter, I truſt Pallas, and my ſword,
But never will a perjur'd Muat's word.—
Firſt make our men a ſolemn oath to ſwear,
That from engaging they ſhall all forbear;
And that in order they ſhall here remain,
Two bow-ſhot diſtant, on yon little plain,
Till one of us upon the ſpot lie ſlain."
The ſavage Muat, with loud voice, replies,
"Curſt be the man, who firſt the ſuit denies!"
At which all ſwore, they in their ranks ſhould ſtand,
Till they had try'd the battle, hand to hand.

In conſtant peace, they vow'd with him to live,
To whom great Jove the victory ſhould give.
Their eyes all fire, like lions they engage,
With equal eagerneſs, and equal rage ;
Both in full vigour, equal in their prime,
Doubtful the battle laſted for a time :
Their ſhining helmets glitter'd in the ſun,
And their ſharp-pointed ſpears in pieces ſprung.
The valiant Forbes, with his barbed dart,
Pierc'd his ſteel jacket, till he reach'd his heart ;
At which the traitor's clamours pierc'd the ſkies,
With doleful howlings and moſt diſmal cries :—
While Forbes' clan receiv'd the warlike boy,
With ſongs of triumph, and loud ſhouts of joy.
The Dee men then, as was agreed before,
With Forbes' clan eternal freindſhip ſwore ;
Vowing to join their force with them in war,
And ſtill to own their vaſſalage to Mar.
Taking the broken helmet from his head,
He ſaid, he choſe not to war with the dead :
Vow'd paſt offences ſhould be quite forgot,
And both their helmets bury'd on the ſpot :
Then gave his body to his ſervants' care,
That decently they might inter him there ;
Who o'er his grave a monument did raiſe,
A trophy to the generous Forbes' praiſe.
This being done, he made no longer ſtay,
But to Kildrummy paſſed on his way ;
Where Mar receiv'd him with a father's care,
And on him ſtraight beſtow'd the charming fair.
All who inhabit what is call'd Strathdon,
Are of the offspring of this warlike ſon ;
And they alone do every brook command,
And are the ſole poſſeſſors of the land,

Save ſome ſmall ſeats Pitſligo's ſons poſſeſs,
Which does not make the country's power the leſs.
This noble lord was to our hero brother,
And naturally they mixed with each other.
Each brook here nam'd, runs thro' a pleaſant glen,
Fam'd for its flocks, but more for warlike men.
Their hills vaſt ſtore of wild-fowl never want,
Of muir-fowl, heathcock, and of termagant;
And when you chooſe to hunt the noble deer,
Or nimble roe, you're ſure to find them here.
(*n*) When great Guſtavus was engag'd in war,
And many a gallant hero went from far
To aid a Prince, whoſe virtue all ador'd,
Who liberty, where'er he went, reſtor'd;
Lord Forbes' ſon of his own kindred led
A full battalion, who to arms were bred;
Willing with him the foreign field to try,
To gain renown, or in attempting die.
The Swediſh King receiv'd the Scots with joy,
And with his vet'ran Swedes gave them employ.
Now, if you pleaſe, we'll wander down below
A little ſpace, beneath yon mountain's brow,

(*n*) Guſtavus Adolphus, a ſon of Lord Forbes, carried over to Sweden a whole regiment of his own name. There were eleven field officers of the name of Forbes at one time in Guſtavus' army. (Vide Munro's Memoirs.) Many of them married and ſettled in Sweden, and carry the name and arms of Forbes to this day. Anno 1360, the Forbeſes and Clan Chattans, and Roſſes of Kilravock, entered into a bond or manred, (or alliance); the original bond is to be ſeen to this day in the charter-cheſt of the preſent Lord Forbes, and preſent McIntoſhes, ſigned and ſealed by all parties.

(o) Where Alford's ſtream comes ruſhing to the flood,
In latter days ſtain'd with rebellious blood.

(o) Alford is the name of a country above Monymuſk, upon Don; its battle was fought upon the 2d of July 1645, by Montroſe and Colonel Baillie, who was at the head of the Covenanters. Here Forbes of Skellater, with 200 of his men, joined Montroſe, who was a loyaliſt; the reaſon of his joining was this—His men had ſome time before gone and carried off cattle from the Duke of Gordon's tenants, near Huntly, for which the Duke ſaid he would forgive him, if he would give him a day of himſelf and men againſt Baillie; which he accordingly did, and Montroſe proved ſucceſsful. Montroſe had no private men killed; Lord Gordon Aboyne's brother only, as he was purſuing the enemy, was run through the body with a lance. Muat of Balquhölly, and Ogilvie of Miltown, were killed, and all buried in the church of Alford. The number of the foot were almoſt equal on both ſides; but Baillie had 600, and Montroſe but 250 horſe. Montroſe marched to Cluny, where he ſtayed a conſiderable time, then went to Craibſtane; from thence he went ſouth, and was reinforced, and fought the enemy at Killyth, where he ſlew 600 of the rebels, the 15th of Auguſt 1645.

Selkirk was fought 12th September 1645, where Montroſe was beaten. After many glorious victories, he was by the king (who had now thrown himſelf upon the Scots army) ordered to diſband his army, and tranſport himſelf beyond ſea, which he very reluctantly did; and the king was ſoon after delivered to the Engliſh proteſtants, who afterwards beheaded him.—Montroſe about this time made a deſcent upon the North of Scotland with 6000 men, which he got together in Germany, but was defeated by Generals Strachan and Leſlie—was at laſt taken, and carried to Edinburgh, by the Laird of Aſtin, where he was beheaded by the eſtates there aſſembled, the 18th May 1647. See Montroſe' Memoirs. In this diſtrict are the old caſtles of Alſlune, Endivie, Lenturk, and Corſe; but the caſtle of Craigievar is ſtill kept in good repair by Sir William Forbes. In this bounds are many great Cairns, ſuch as that of Lenturk, ſo much talked of; they are of an enormous ſize; ſome people think they have been beacons to give warning in time of danger; but as many of them are ſituated in low places,

Faction, the country's curſe, o'erſpread the land,
And harden'd rebels ſpurn'd the King's command.
Here the Strathdon men join'd with great Montroſe,
Who with a few o'erthrew whole troops of foes.
Some of the Forbeſes were here to blame,
Who join'd the league, to their eternal ſhame.
Here view Whitehaugh, poſſeſs'd by Tolquhon,
Whoſe ſire's brave deeds are by our annals ſhown,
At Ulſter field, where, ſerving of the Crown,
The bold Sir Alexander gain'd renown.
Next ſee where Putachie, with lofty pride,
O'erlooks the river's charms, from ſide to ſide:
Lord Forbes' noble ſon is ſettled there,
Who with the clans will every danger ſhare.
Then as you paſs view pleaſant Tillyfour,
Where honeſt Innes us'd to paſs an hour.
(*p*) Next Monymuſk does on the river ſtand,
Whoſe grandeur ſeems all round it to command:

I ſuppoſe that they are the tombs of ſome great men, who have been benefactors to the country where they lived. It is a common ſaying among the vulgar people to this day, when any perſon makes them a gift—"God I wat gin I live ahind you, I'ſe add a ſtane to your Cairn:" and to this day, many old perſons never paſs by any of theſe Cairns, without throwing a ſtone to it. Many think, that the ſpirit hovers about the place where the body is interred; and the higher the Cairn is raiſed, the ſpirit is raiſed the higher from earth to heaven.

(*p*) The preſent Sir Archibald Grant is great grandſon to Sir Francis Grant, who was knighted by Queen Anne, and appointed one of the Senators of the College of Juſtice, by the title of Lord Cullen in Buchan, that gentleman having ſold the eſtate of Cullen, and bought Monymuſk from the anceſtors of the preſent Sir William Forbes of Pitſligo. Lady Grant is daughter of the late Major John Forbes of New, who diſtinguiſhed himſelf as a brave Officer at the ſield of Minden, under Prince Ferdinand. He paid his debt to nature, at London, on the firſt of February 1792.

Here too you ſee, the garden trees below,
With all the various fruits that on them grow:
Vaſt choice of apples, pears, and plumbs you'll ſee,
Bending the branches of each fruitful tree:
The golden pippin, for great beauty fam'd,
Above all other apples can be nam'd.
Turn to the left, and view yon riſing green,
Where our forefathers merry oft have been:

There are two large woods on this eſtate, viz. the Milſtone Hill, nine miles in circumference; and the wood of Pitfichie, ſix in circumference. There is a ſaw-mill at Monymuſk, built about 30 years ago—There is an iron mine, in the hill of Pitfichie, which when tried was found to be good; but the ſcarcity of fire renders it impoſſible to manufacture it there. At Pitſligo is an old caſtle, now unroofed; it has been the proprietor's reſidence in former time. At the Nether Mains, in the end of the garden, is a long ſtone with hieroglyphicks on it; it was formerly on that field called the Campfold Lyes, betwixt where it now is and Don: it appears to be the grave-ſtone of John Aikenwall, who was ſlain at the battle of Platecock, fought on that lyes. The hieroglyphicks read thus:

"Here lies John Aikenwall, beneath this lang ſtane,
"At the fight of Platecock, his life from him was ta'en."

The church of Monymuſk has a ſquare ſteeple, four feet thick, ſaid to be built in the time of Edward Longſhanks: it coſt 11 merks Scots; and is hard and firm as iron ore.

On the muir of Nether Coullie, (which the preſent tenant, W. M. is plowing,) has been a druidical circle of long ſtones, but moſt part of them now removed and fallen down, except one about 12 feet high, one foot thick, and four broad at the baſe: there is a hollow in the middle of the circle, with two large ſtones lying parallel with the horizon, one at each end about 12 feet long, one end to the ſouth and the other to the north.

The Burn of Ton is the boundary betwixt Monymuſk and Kemnay—has a bridge of one arch over it, on the Aberdeen road, built in 1618. There is an uncommonly deep place below the bridge, ſimilar to that of Pultullie in Strathdon.

(q) There ſtands Pittodry, ſeat of the ſon of Mar,
(r) Near this, you'll find where fam'd Harlaw was fought,
Where curs'd rebellion diſmal miſchief wrought.
(s) Here doubted Donald of the Iſles came down,
Stung with ambition, to attack the Crown;
Who by his cunning art, and various wiles,
Seduc'd the chieftains of the Weſtern Iſles.
Borlas McLachlan's, and Carwinnen's heir,
With brave McLean, agree to riſk the war,
To aid McDonald, and his fate to ſhare.
Lochell the valiant, with his martial men,
Join, and contemn the dangers of the plain.
(t) Here Mar reſolv'd the rebel force to try,
To tame his proweſs, or in th' attempt to die.
Great Donald 'rang'd his men in armour bright,
With ſhields and ſpears, all burning for the fight;
Then loudly call'd to march, in firm array,
To aid each other on that doleful day.

(q) Erſkine of Pittotry, deſcended from the family of Mar, by marrying the heireſs of Mar Earl of Mar.

(r) Sir B. Scrimmeger, High Conſtable of Dundee, was killed at the battle of Harlaw, and was buried in the floor of the church of Kinkell, (or Candkill, which in the Gaelic or Earſe tongue ſignifies, the chief burying-ground;) on his grave is a marble ſtone, with his portraiture rudely cut, and a motto in Runic characters, in Engliſh, "Here lies an experienced armour-bearer."

(s) Donald of the Iſles raiſed a great rebellion in 1411, and influenced many of the clans to join him, ſuch as Burlas McLachlan, Carwinnen, McLean, and Lochell head of the Camerons. Mar, who commanded here, was Stuart Earl of Mar, the King's brother. The former Earl being forfeit, Black Robert was laird of Brux, who commanded the Forbeſes at the battle of Harlaw.

(t) July the twenty-fourth, St. James's even,
Harlaw was fought, fourteen hundred and eleven,

I ſee Druminor's ſon, rank'd on the right,
Led by Black Robert, hateful to my ſight.
No Lybian lion, no, nor Greenland bear,
Delights ſo much in prey as he in war.
The Gordon troops upon the left appear;
Them to oppoſe, ſhall be our brother's care.
Cloſe to them join'd I ſee the Bizzet ſtand,
With all the Barons of Strathbogy land;
None of more courage in the field we know,
Who ply the weapon with more deadly blow.
From Aberdeen five hundred warriors came,
All clad in ſteel, and not unknown to fame;
(*u*) Their provoſt, Davidſon, led on the band,
The brave Hugh Roſs next him had the command;
Both men of proweſs, and ſuperior force,
One led the foot, the other led the horſe.
The gallant Fraſer, baron of Philorth,
Of known courage, and undoubted worth,
With Keiths and Forbeſes in bright array,
By them were joined on that fatal day.
Angus' high ſheriff join'd them with the reſt
Of Airly's ſons in manly armour dreſt.
Mar led the center cloſe, his wings at large
Advancing keen, in order to the charge.
The noble Keith join'd Arthur in the van,

(*u*) The colours taken by Robert Davidſon, at Harlaw, are ſtill to be ſeen in the town-houſe of Aberdeen, ſo is his coat of mail and helmet, together with the ſaddle that he rode on, and bridle, both covered with black velvet. Here alſo is the hatchet that beheaded Sir John Gordon, ſon to Huntly who was killed at the battle of Corichie, in the hill of Fair, 28th Oct. 1563. This battle was fought between Huntly and Murray's troops. The Queen and Murray being at Aberdeen a few days after the battle, on their return from Inverneſs, cauſed behead Sir John Gordon.

Who led the friends, and followers of the clan.
(x) Drum, with the Leiths and Leſlies of Balquhoin,
Upon the left the gallant Gordons join.

(x) Drum is the chief of the Irvines, an ancient family—Houſe of Drum is a huge building, 60 feet long, 40 wide, and 63 high in the walls, which are 12 feet thick in the firſt ſtory above ground, and more below—In a vault below, is a draw-well.

There is not ſo much as a crack in all the wall. King Robert Bruce gave the charter, in 1324; he was King Robert's armour-bearer. There is a traditional ſtory told, and partly ſupported by a known fact, by which it appears, that the tower was built before the battle of Harlaw. Feuds and animoſities had long ſubſided between the Marſhall and Drum families, in which many had loſt their lives, on both ſides; and to this day, there is a deep place in the river Dee, oppoſite to Drum, called the Keith's Hole, into which it is ſaid the Irvines uſed to drive their enemies. On occaſion of ſome quarrel, Marſhall ſent a meſſage to Drum, threatening, if he got not reparation, that he would come and drive him out of his Crow's neſt.—"He may try't," ſays Drum; "but tell him, that if I live but a ſhort time, I ſhall have a Neſt, that he, and all his clan, ſhall not be able to throw down." At Aquhorſk, in the pariſh of Kinnellar, is a great ſtone, called Drum's Stone, in ſight of Drum and Harlaw, upon which Drum made his teſtament, as he went to Harlaw, where he was killed, and his cairn to be ſeen to this day; with many more cairns, bearing the names of thoſe great men whoſe bones they cover.

M'Donald fled, in hopes to reach Dunideer; but, it is ſaid, he was killed at Legate's Den, not far from the field of battle. Dunideer is a few miles S. W. from Harlaw. Leſly, biſhop of Roſs, (whoſe Hiſtory was printed at Rome 1600,) ſays, that this hill was called Dun d'ore, (the Golden Mountain,) on account of its abounding with gold. The ruins of this caſtle are not great—conſiderable only on account of its antiquity. The fortreſs had conſiſted of a double row of buildings; ſome acres round it are incloſed with a double rampart, and wide trench without; it is aſſerted, that it was built by, and was the palace of Gregory the Great; and it is near 900 years ſince

The ſignal given, the pipes and trumpets ſound,
The direful charge, the neighbouring hills reſound,
The joining battles ſhout, the dreadful peal
Bounds from the rock and thunders down the dale,
The glens and caves return the doubling roar,
Till dying echo can repeat no more.
Firſt Keith and Forbes to the battle flew,
The brave example all the reſt purſue.
Here like rapacious wolves the foes engage,
Scots ruſh on Scots, and all was blood and rage.
The brave M'Clean fought on M'Donald's right,
And like the mountain bear maintain'd the fight;
Tho' ſorely wounded and bath'd in his blood,

he died, and was carried to Joan, to ſleep with the monarchs who chooſe that ſacred iſland for their tomb.

A little ſouth of this, is the noted mountain of Benduphigh; on the top of which is a rock about 60 yards high, but the top plain and green, and of conſiderable breadth; from the foot of the rock on the N. E. ſide, to ſame on the S. W. is a rampart (about 10 yards from the ſide of a rock) of looſe ſtones, piled up one above another, without any cement; but the outſide of the rampart ſeems as if the ſtones had been thrown out over without any regulation or order; only on the eaſt ſide, next Chapel of Garioch, is a gateway, which has been the entrance; within the rampart, more than a thouſand men could have ſheltered themſelves, from cold or an enemy; the Picts retreated here in time of their perſecution: they could eaſily, with a ſtone, have driven back as many of the enemy as happened to be before it, by reaſon of the ſteepneſs of the hill, which is ſo ſtony, that it appears like an entire rock: the rock is inacceſſible on the north ſide. About the year 854, the Scots, under Kenneth II. totally ſubdued the Picts. Betwixt Pittodry and Chapel, is the Maiden Stone, of which ſo many fabulous ſtories are told; but I ſuppoſe it has been a march betwixt the Earls of Mar and Buchan; and the figure of a woman, and bread-girdle, repreſent the Garioch as the land of Cakes; as every body knows, that the Garioch has been often called the Meal-girnal of Aberdeen.

He kept his ground, and made his party good.
Still known to conquer, and unknown to yield,
He hopes to gain the glory of the field.
At laſt the Leſlies, bordering on Don,
Fir'd by the Chief who led the warriors on,
Firſt pierc'd the ranks and broke M'Donald's horſe,
And taught the foe to own ſuperior force.
Then proud Drum, mounted on a dapple grey,
Spoke unto Keith, and pointed out the way;
And ruſhing forward, with a well-aim'd thruſt,
Drum ſtretch'd the hero full low on the duſt.
His men, ſore vex'd to ſee him overthrown,
Grieve for their maſter's loſs more than their own.
Borlas, enrag'd, calls out aloud to all,
" Revenge M'Clean, or bravely by him fall!"
Maclachlan and Carwinnen now purſue,
And kindle all the rage of war anew;
Their chieftain ſlain, with fury now they burn,
And wound for wound, and blow for blow return;
Nine of the braveſt Leſlies preſs'd the plain,
And round the warriors lay whole heaps of ſlain.
Gordons. and Forbeſes, promiſcuous fall,
Death and deſtruction ſeem to threaten all;
At every blow a mortal wound was given,
Thro' ſtudded targets forceful ſpears were driven.
Madly they mock all quarter foes can give,
Their Captain kill'd, they think it mean to live,
Fighting like men, they fall cloſe by his ſide,
And when o'erpow'r'd they ſink with manly pride.
Great Donald, when he ſaw McClean was loſt,
The pride, the ſtrength, the glory of his hoſt,
He groan'd, he ſigh'd, and yet he would not yield,
But while he breath'd, with blood wou'd dye the field.
Dav'dſon he ſlew, and brave Hugh Roſs bore back,

And thouſands periſh'd in this fierce attack,
Together cloſe, and here pell mell they kill,
In countleſs numbers, many brave men fell.
Too many loyal heroes rebels ſlew,
Whoſe ſouls in haſte to bleſt Elyſium flew.
The gallant Fraſer here reſign'd his breath,
And, crown'd with glory, even ſmil'd in death.
Tumbling in duſt heroes on heroes lay,
And in ſad ſorrow, ſobb'd their ſouls away.
All round the field the noble warriors bled,
And hopes and fears, alternately ſucceed,
Till Keith call'd Robert, and was heard to ſay,
" Ourſelves muſt force theſe rebels to give way."
O who can count the heroes that were ſlain
By Keith and Forbes on the fatal plain!
All who oppos'd, to darkſome ſhades they ſent,
By flight ſcarce Donald could his death prevent.
Here rebel ſouls forſook their mortal clay,
And ſwiftly down to Pluto wing'd their way.
Lochel too late great Donald ſtrove to ſave,
Fir'd by his courage, deſperately brave,
Frantic with rage, he ruſh'd amid the foes,
And heaps of ſlain about the hero roſe.
Griv'd at the ſight, black Robert ſpurs his ſteed,
To meet the man by whom ſo many bled,
McDonald's couſin, with ſome choſen horſe
Preſs'd in to ſtop the fury of his courſe,
But all in vain,—with one transfixing wound,
He nail'd both horſe and rider to the ground.
As he advanc'd, Lochel was ſtruck with fear,
McDonald fled, no man could ſtand his ſpear.
Sore ſpent in fight, half cover'd o'er with blood,
To yield or fly irreſolute he ſtood.
Robert, ſurpriz'd to find the daring chief

Wait his approach when void of all relief,
But as he nearer to the chieftain drew,
By his broad ſhield his former friend he knew;
Then ſternly to him ſpoke; and thus began,
'Who art thou, chief, thou bold and warlike man,
Art thou the captain of the Cameron name,
Who ſtains the glory of their ancient fame?
What brought thee here to this deteſted war,
Againſt thy king, a rebel's fate to ſhare?
Haſte, ſolve my doubt, ſhun the imbending blow
Which hurl's thee, breathleſs, to the ſhades below.'
Quick jumping from his horſe, the hero ran,
With outſtrech'd arms, to meet the gallant man;
The chief and hero all their rage reſign'd,
And ſacred friendſhip fills each noble mind;
Then all ſubmitted to the victor's will,
No daſtard ſoul dares aim more blood to ſpill,
The royal pardon ſoon ran o'er the plain,
And all the rage of war was huſh'd again.
With generous emulation, heroes ſtrive
To ſuccour thoſe who yet remain'd alive;
Godlike compaſſion, in each boſom mov'd,
They mourn'd their foes, and wept o'er them they lov'd,
Each well known corſe their ſorrows ſtill renew,
And briny tears, their manly cheeks bedew,
In anguiſh when they view the fatal plain,
And find that none but Scotſmen there lay ſlain.
Griev'd at the ſight, brave Mar was heard to ſay,
"Dear is our conqueſt, this too well fought day;
Curſed miſchief, ſtill ambitious men attend,
Few are there here, who have not loſt a friend."
But ſince our records do at full relate,
Thoſe who ſupported, or oppoſed the ſtate,

We'll leave this field, and ſubject; caſt your eyes
(y) On Fraſer's glorious pile, which ſouthward lies;
Whoſe frame, whoſe ſtructure, is by none excell'd,
That in our northern climes are yet beheld;
The ſumptuous Frontiſpiece on the north ſide,
Shines with gilt ornaments of Scythian pride;
Around this houſe a ſpacious garden lies,
Defended from the blaſt of th' eaſtern ſkies,
By thriving wood, which a great height doth riſe.

(y) From the year 1214, in the reign of Alexander II. there is a diſtinct account of the Fraſer family, from father to ſon, that is, of the predeceſſors of Lord Salton, who, when Lairds of Philorth in Buchan, became heir to the Thain of Cowie; for John Fraſer, laird of Oliver Caſtle in Tweedale, had a ſon called Alexander Thain or Stuart of Cowie in the Mearns, who in the year 1347, by marriage of Elizabeth Cumine, daughter to Sir Walter Cumine, with her acquired lands in the county of the Mearns and Aberdeen. This Alexander had three heroic ſons of that marriage, viz. the famous Sir Simon Fraſer, William, and Gilbert, amongſt whom he divided his lands. This Sir Simon was born in the year 1256, in the reign of Alexander III. was taken and carried priſoner to England by King Edward; but in the year 1297, being ſet at liberty, and returning to Scotland, he joined Sir William Wallace; in the year 1302, he was a Commander in the Scots army, with his couſin, Sir John Cumine, when they obtained a complete victory at Roſline, near Edinburgh, over the forces of King Edward, three times in one day, and at each time a freſh army of 10,000 men; they themſelves had only 10,000 in all.

This Caſtle was begun to be built in the reign of King Alexander III. as it is ſuppoſed by this Sir Simon Fraſer, and finiſhed in the reign of Robert Bruce. Lord Alexander Fraſer built the wings in 1618; and the preſent Miſs Fraſer, whoſe noble ſpirit derogates not from that of her heroic anceſtors, thoroughly repaired, enlarged, and beautified the whole, in the year 1794, at vaſt expence. She has alſo built a ſet of the moſt ſubſtantial and convenient office-houſes any where to be met with, and is ſparing no coſt nor pains to improve the farm.

The beſt of fruit grows on this fertile ground,
Well fenc'd with green incloſures all around.
A cryſtal fountain from a mountain flows,
Which with ſoft eaſy murmurs purling goes,
And through the garden leads its ſtream around;
Viſits each plant, and waters all its ground.
This Fraſer's ſeat brings to my mind thoſe days
When his forefather merited juſt praiſe;
When England's king invaded once our land,
With thirty thouſand troops at his command,
Vain of his numbers, he with wonted pride,
His forces in three equal parts divide,
Then march'd three different ways, to cruſh all thoſe,
Who durſt his arbitrary will oppoſe.
Ten thouſand Scots, to their eternal fame,
Led by a captain of the Fraſer's name,
Who with a captain's care the foe did watch,
And prov'd his ſkill and courage in diſpatch;
Thrice in one day he beat them in the field,
And in three different battles made them yield;
Thrice his own number that day he o'erthrew,
Keeping the Bruce's maxim ſtill in view.
The foes thus vanquiſh'd, begg'd their lives to ſpare,
And curs'd the day their prince had brought them there,
Since of ſucceſs no hopes could ere be had,
Whilſt Scots were by ſo great a captain led.

But ah! dear Hugh, our fame we mind no more,
As loyal Scots were wont, in days of yore;

Our noble peers exil'd, thoſe now in place,
Are ſuch, whoſe deeds their anceſtors diſgrace;
No Gream, no Mar, no Fraſer now to head,
No hero now, is willing for to lead,
Who yet with joy would ſpend their deareſt blood,
For ſacred freedom, and the public good;
(z) No Forbes now, throughout the land to bear
The bloody ſhirt upon the pointed ſpear;
To raiſe to arms the valiant and the brave,
To cruſh rebellion, and the kingdom ſave.
On Brechin's green the fame our fathers won,
When bold Black Arthur, that ſurpriſing man,
With courage keen, firſt in the front appear'd,
Smiling at danger, which the boldeſt fear'd;
When all Druminor's ſons, their bonnets threw,
Curſing the wretch there who ſhould prove untrue.
Then he with joy the bloody day began,
Unſheath'd the deadly ſteel, and led the clan.
(a) Earl Crawfurd, tho' both reſolute and bold,
Who knew Black Arthur in the days of old,
Soon as he ſaw the furious charge come on,
Led by that hero, with the youth of Don,
Whate'er he thought, was chearful heard to ſay,
" On them depends the fortune of the day;

(z) The maſter of Forbes, after the murder of King James the Third, tied his bloody ſhirt to the point of his ſpear, and rode through the whole Kingdom, to excite the nation to revenge the King's death.

(a) Crawfurd, chief of the Lindſays; he headed a great rebellion, but was defeated by Huntly at Brechin.

Black Arthur, ſon of Lord Forbes; he commanded under Huntly at the battle of Brechin, which was fought upon Aſcenſion Day 1453, between Huntly and Earl Crawfurd a rebel, in James the Second's time——*Beardy*, a nickname of Crawfurd's.

If the firſt ſhock of thoſe you do endure,
Fate grants to us the victory ſecure."
(*b*) Earl Huntly cheers his men with hopes of fame,
And all the glory of their former name;
Then call'd Black Arthur his beſt prop and ſhield,
His king's ſupport, and glory in the field,
To force, and charge their foes to die or yield.

(*b*) This Huntly was deſcended from Elizabeth Gordon, heireſs of John Gordon of Huntly, killed at the battle of Otterburn, or Chevy-chace, in 1388.

Fererius ſays, that among thoſe valiant captains, who aſſiſted Malcolm III. againſt the Engliſh, in 1057, was one Gordon, who ſome time before had killed a fierce bear in the foreſt of Huntly, for which Malcolm beſtowed on him the lands of Gordon and Huntly; and to keep in remembrance ſo noble an action, his arms was to be three bears heads, or, in a field of azure, he got the lands of Stitchel, &c. in the Merſe. Tradition ſays, that the firſt of the Gordons came out of Macedonia, and ſettled in France; we are ſure they came out of France to this country, with William the Conqueror; ſo did the Baliols and the Bruces. John Gordon, ſon to George Gordon of Prony, ſays, that the firſt who got the lands of Long Gordon from Malcolm, was Sir Adam Gordon, and that he died valiantly fighting at the ſiege of Alnwick, where King Malcolm was killed: this Sir Adam was ſucceeded by his ſon Adam, and his ſon Robert was ſucceeded by Alexander. Sir Adam, with the King, defeated the Cumines at the Sliack, Inverury, and the hill of Barra.

Sir Robert Gordon of Strathlock ſays, that John and Thomas, commonly called Jack and Tam, were not natural brothers to Elizabeth Gordon, but her uncles. She was daughter to Sir John Gordon and Elizabeth Crookſhank, of Aſwanly.—The oldeſt, called John of Scandarg, of whom is deſcended Pitlurg, Strathloch, &c. Thomas, of Rivan, who by ſeveral wives had 18 ſons, of whom the family of Park is the foremoſt. This Elizabeth married one Sir Alexander Seaton, who changed his name to Gordon; he ſignalized himſelf at Harlaw; but the Jack and Tam Gordons, have ever ſince been eſteemed the beſt Gordons.

Againſt their fate no art can now avail,
The forceful ſpear drives thro' the coat of mail.
When grappling cloſe, the thick ranks for to break,
What dreadful havock broad ſwords there do make!
Such various deaths are terrible to tell,
Heads clipt in two, on different ſhoulders fell;
The guſhing blood from every wound does ſpout,
Where death can enter in, or life come out.
Long in ſuſpenſe the doubtful battle ſtood,
Till Brechin's green was deeply dy'd with blood,
Which ran in purple ſluices to the flood.
The brave Pitſligo charg'd his foe with ire,
And made the foremoſt forces to retire.
But ah! the gallant youth, juſt in his bloom,
Too eager after fame, met with his doom:
The daring Fyfe and Angus men combine,
And with united force the rebels join.
Thus reinforc'd, now all their men revive,
And on the loyaliſts they furious drive;
With hopes of conqueſt, Crawfurd's boſom burns,
And on his foes the tide of conflict turns;
The loyaliſts reſolve their pride to quell,
Fierce them attack, and bravely them repell;
Promiſcuous heaps of carnage ſpread the plain,
Of warriors who on either ſide were ſlain.
At laſt, Black Arthur took his rapid courſe,
And like a torrent, with impetuous force
Bore down reſiſting foes, both man and horſe;
From right to left, where dangers call, he's there,
And like a god, you'll find him every where;
He breaks the ranks, with many a deadly wound,
And with his ſword he deals deſtruction round,
Alternate deaths at every ſtroke were given,
And cries, and groans, confus'd aſcend to heaven.

Earl Beardy fled—his men their arms threw down,
And ſuppliant begged pardon of the crown.
(c) The bold Aſwanly, when the Earl he view'd,
In hopes to catch him, raſhly he purſu'd,
Until he found himſelf among the throng
Of flying foes, with whom he went along.
That night with thoſe, he at the table ſate,
And heard the warriors variouſly debate,
What courſe was propereſt for them to take,
And what atonement for their crimes to make.
A ſilver cup he from the table bore,
To prove where he had ſupp'd the night before.
As Crawfurd on the fatal field look'd back,
Dreadful remorſe began his ſoul to wrack;
His tortur'd ſoul, now conſcious of his guilt,
Griev'd for his fate, and for the blood he ſpilt.
Whilſt thus he rode, diſtracted with deſpair,
No knowing where he went, nor caring where,
By chance to Phanevan he found the way,
Where his beloved wife, and infants lay;
Caſt down, dejected, in ſad plight he came,
And ſpeechleſs ſtood before his lovely dame;
She ſighs, ſhe trembles, for her lord ſhe fears,
Too great her grief to be expreſt by tears;
Yet with a brow ſerene, and aſpect ſweet,
With uſual fondneſs runs her lord to meet;

(c) Calder of Aſwanly, after he returned from following Crawfurd, told the Earl of Huntly where he had been, and for a proof, gave him the ſilver cup, that he had brought with him. Huntly cauſed make another, of ſilver gilded and emboſſed, as like the original cup as poſſible, and gave it to Mr. Calder of Aſwanly, to be kept in their family by him and his ſucceſſors, under penalty of paying double feu duty of his lands that he holds of the Duke, and his ſucceſſors: the cups weigh 12 lib. 13s. ſterling.

" Welcome, my beſt belov'd! I'm happy ſtill,
Since you're alive, let Fortune have her will."
Embracing her, he with a heavy ſigh,
Found words at laſt, and made her this reply—
" Thou lovely angel, beſt of all thy ſex,
With thoughts of me, forbear thyſelf to vex;
A wretch diſtreſs'd, abandon'd and forlorn,
Become the vanquiſh'd, and the victor's ſcorn:
Grief and vexation every boſom fills,
And me they curſe, as cauſe of all their ills.
While thus in anguiſh he expreſs'd his woe,
Repenting tears, in floods began to flow.
Then his heroic wife, to ſoothe his pain,
Addreſs'd her lord, in ſweet perſuaſive ſtrain—
" Wound not my ſoul; ceaſe, ceaſe, my heart to grieve,
Since you repent, the king may yet forgive;
In Heaven ſtill truſt—one thing we ſurely know,
That kings are God's vicegerents here below.
Although your ſins be of a ſcarlet hue,
Your guiltleſs wife will for your pardon ſue;
I'll humbly kneel, when majeſty I meet,
And with my tears will bathe his royal feet;
Though of ſucceſs my eloquence may fail,
My grief and tears may o'er his ſoul prevail.
The king is good, and of a generous mind,
His heart is not to cruelty inclin'd."—
Crawfurd reply'd, " Your pains you may give o'er,
Since life, or death, is now my care no more;
I fled to thee, to take my laſt embrace,
That bliſs enjoy'd, I'll ſmile at my diſgrace.
To thee, my deareſt life, with ſhame I tell,
I'd be content to hang ſev'n years in hell,
If from my prince ſuch praiſes I could have,

As gallant Huntly will this day receive."
Swift as the ſwallow flies, ſhe made her way,
To Brechin caſtle, where her monarch lay:
Her noble birth gave her admittance there,
Among her friends, who did her ſorrows ſhare:
In ſable weed, the lady took her place,
To wait the king, that ſhe might ſue for grace;
Her beating boſom throbs with hopes and fears,
While he in awful majeſty appears.
At his approach ſhe kneel'd, and bowing low,
Grief, as ſhe ſpoke, almoſt expreſs'd her woe—
" Great ſir! in mercy hear a wretch's prayer,
Who ſuppliant begs her guilty lord to ſpare;
No more Earl Crawfurd from your juſtice flies;
Struck with remorſe, in miſery he lies;
Griev'd he repents, nor does he wiſh for life,
But ah! think on his infants, and his wife.
If Crawfurd live, he will ſome happy day,
Obeying you, wipe former crimes away;
No Gordon, nor a Forbes in the land,
More ready ſhall obey your high command.
Sure, you in mercy will reſemble Heaven,
Pity my caſe, and let him be forgiven.
If at your feet, I ſue for grace in vain,
I'll grow to earth, and never riſe again,
Lament his fate, but not of you complain."

The king made haſte to give the fair relief;
His tender heart began to ſhare her grief—
" Pleaſe, madam, riſe; weep not;—let Crawfurd live;
Tho' great his crime, for your ſake we forgive."
To render thanks, in vain the lady tries,
Surprize all paſſage to her words denies;

Her head reclining on her boſom hung,
And ſome faint accents, dy'd upon her tongue;
Struck with the ſudden joy, ſhe falls aſwoon,
The king prevents her falling to the ground;
Calls to his lords, to help the fair to riſe;—
Such love and virtue, merit all our praiſe:
Then left the fair one to the ladies' care,
Recovering from her grief and late deſpair.
But as he rode along the crowded ſtreets,
In chains and fetters many men he meets,
Surpriz'd, he aſks the lords who rode beſide,
What were their crimes, and why together ty'd?
They humbly anſwer'd, "Thoſe in chains you ſee,
Are rebels, all doom'd to the fatal tree;
By our juſt laws, to death they all are doom'd,
And for our ſafety, 'tis fit they be bound."
Quickly the monarch made this ſhort reply,
"Forbid it, heavens! ſo many men ſhould die;
Haſte, fly my lords, and ſet theſe ſoldiers free,
Scotſmen in chains, I cannot bear to ſee!"
Soon as the monarch's pardon was made known,
Loud acclamations burſt from every one.

(*d*) View Fetterneir, the ſeat of brave Balquhoin,
Whoſe gallant ſires with Forbeſes us'd to join;

(*d*) Fetterneer, preſently poſſeſſed by John Leſlie, Eſq. of Balquhoin, a ſtaunch friend to his King and country. He is making great improvements on both town and farm—has many plantations of young thriving wood, &c. Mr. J. Gordon, in his Hiſtory of the Gordons, ſays, that Balquhoin, and ſix ſons, were ſlain at Harlaw; alſo Alexander Ogilvie, ſheriff of Angus, with his ſon and heir Sir R. Scrimeger, conſtable of Dundee; Alexander Irvine of Drum, Thomas Maule of Panmure, Wm. Abernethy youngeſt of Salton, Alexander Stratton of Lauriſtone, Alexander Stirling, Thomas Murray, and Robert David-

Who ſtill with joy, his ready help would lend,
To ſerve his king, or country to defend.

(e) Mind Kemnay's ſeat, how beautifully plac'd,
With ſhady woods, and flowery gardens grac'd!

ſon, provoſt of Aberdeen. Mar lay all night upon the field of battle; Donald fled, firſt to Roſs, then to the Iſles.

The houſe of Fetterneer was built by Alexander Kinnimonth, who was biſhop of Aberdeen in 1329. He ſat 11 years, and built another palace at Aberdeen. Fetterneer was only his ſummer-houſe. The parſon of Fetterneer was a great man before the Reformation, and had a poſt under the biſhop of Aberdeen, ſo had the parſon of Logy Durno. Theſe kirks are now both in ruins: that of Fetterneer has her walls ſtanding; ſhe ſerves for a tomb to the family of Balquhoin, who are ſtill buried there; and the church is ſtill occupied as a burial-ground. She ſtands ſome hundred yards eaſt of the houſe of Fetterneer.

(e) Kemnay, anciently belonging to the Douglaſſes of Angus, but after them Sir Thomas Crombie was laird of it, who in 1630 bequeathed 10,000 merks for a miniſter to Grey Friars, viz. the college church, 10,000 merks for a principal, 10,000 merks for eight burſars, beſides 1000 merks for the Gild Brethren Hoſpital, 500 merks for the Trades Hoſpital, and 600 merks, the intereſt of which is paid annually to the ſchoolmaſter of Kemnay. Sir Thomas Crombie was elected principal ſheriff of Aberdeen in 1633, after him, Drum.

The next laird I have any account of, was Strachan of Glenkindy, who mortified 200l. Scots for the poor of the pariſh of Kemnay.

In 1688, Nicolſon of Glenbervie had it, as appears by the bell that he gave the church that year, bearing his name and arms: ſhe was cracked, but is now re-caſt. It belongs at preſent to Alexander Burnett, Eſq; whoſe predeceſſors have had it ever ſince.

Kemnay was part of the pariſh of Kinkell, until a grant was procured from the biſhop of St. Andrews, and miniſter of Kinkell, to build the church as ſhe now is, which was in 1632. She was unroofed and thoroughly repaired in the year 1794.

The old Manſe was built in 1680, by Dr. James Wilox,

See how the feather'd quire extend their throats,
By nature taught, hark how they ſwell their notes!
Yet when fair Peggy, miſtreſs of the grove,
Joins her ſweet voice to ſing the praiſe of love,

who had been a chaplain in the army, but having fallen into the hands of the Turks, they took out his eyes. After his return home, he was miniſter at Kemnay: when he was led to the church, he cauſed any of his children read what portion of Scripture he took for his text, and then went on: he always mentioned in his prayer, that the Lord might blaſt the Grand Turk, and lay his glory in the duſt. When the manſe was finiſhed, he cauſed the maſon engrave on the door head, "Dr. James Wilox—Anne Lindſay, 1680;" for which the heritors never paid him any of the expence. After his death, it was ſome years before any miniſter would pay the wood of the roof and fixed furniture, (which his wife and children could have ſold;) at length Mr. James Leſlie, whoſe entry was 19th July 1699, paid 300 merks, which was paid him at his removal to Chapel of Garioch in 1708. Dr. James Wilox died 19th of Feb. 1695—Anne Lindſay 26th Nov. 1708. The old manſe was pulled down, and an elegant new one built, and neatly furniſhed in 1796.

The only antiquity and curioſity in Kemnay, is a long ſtone, ſet upright on the ſide of the road between Kemnay and Craigearn. It is ten feet above ground, and it is natural to ſuppoſe that there are five below: it does not appear that there has been more near it, only two ſmall ones in a ſtraight line from it to the north: it ſeems to have been a place of worſhip in the days of the Druids.

Near this, on the eaſt, is a fountain of chalybeate water, good againſt the ſtone: I find by experience, that it is nothing inferior to Pananach. This pariſh is full of moſſes, which abound with fir, and great logs of oak: it appears that the hill betwixt Kemnay and Kintore was all wood, where King James's noblemen were hunting when he fell in with the Tinker at Bridge Alehouſe near Kintore. For a further account of their diſcourſe, I refer the reader to that ballad, called the King and the Tinkler.

All the hills and muirs are covered with cairns, which ſhew that many ſkirmiſhes have been fought on them.

The birds ſit liſt'ning to the wondrous ſong,
The river calms, and ſmoothly glides along;
The gentle zephyrs, with her treſſes play,
And from her balmy breath ſteal ſweets away.

(f) Next as we paſs, the Ury joins the Don,
Whoſe finny ſtore, in numbers yield to none;

(f) In the year 1320, King Robert Bruce, on his way with his army againſt John Cumine, Earl of Buchan, encamped on the Shaw-hill of Thainſtane; being himſelf bad of the flux, as he was lying in his tent at Woodend, he obſerved a ſpider to creep 11 times up the rock, and fall as often back, but the 12th time it got to the top; hereupon recollecting, that he had loſt 11 battles, he was encouraged to venture againſt J. Cumine, who by this time was come to the Burrow Muir of Inverury, which at this time was only a village; and a farmer, of the name of Benzie, living in it, who had 11 ſons, he came to the king, and entreated him to come and try his fortune once more, and he would be his guide: with his ſons, and Provoſt Davidſon of Aberdeen, with a number of men, coming unexpectedly upon them in the night, they obtained a complete victory: one of Benzie's ſons was killed, and Provoſt Davidſon alſo; upon which the king gave the man a charter, and divided the lands into 11 parts, which remained ſo till of late. And about the year 1560, Mary Queen of Scots renewed their charter, and confirmed it as it now ſtands. It is ſaid, that Thomas de Longoville was killed here, but I think rather that it had been at the hill of Barra, as he lies buried in the church-yard of Bourty, and a ſtone on his grave, with his portrait cut as large as the life. At Inverury, is an artificial mount, or hillock of earth, called the Baſs of Inverury; it is about 60 yards high, with one on the eaſt ſide about half its height, called the Caſtle-hill. Some think that it has been a beacon, to light fire on to give warning in time of danger; but ſuch a ſuppoſition is repugnant to reaſon, as it is ſo low a part of the country. Tradition ſays, that it was a caſtle, and the inhabitants infected with the plague, for which reaſon it was built up; but the moſt probable conjecture is, that it has

Their backs like Indian ebony appear,
Their bellies white, their ſides like ſilver clear;

been the place where they buried their dead in time of the plague, as it is ſimilar to thoſe places uſed in England for that purpoſe, and indeed its name imports as much, for Baſh, in the Iriſh, ſignifies a Death-houſe. Thomas Rymer ſays—

Dee and Don, they ſhall run on,
And Tweed ſhall run, and Tay;
And the bonny water of Ury
Shall bear the Baſs away.

The water of Ury runs at the foot of the Baſs, and is undermining it; but the people of Inverury are building bulwarks to defend it from the water advancing too far, and letting out the Peſt, which is thought to be therein, in full force. Formerly the church ſtood at the weſt ſide of the Baſs, but of late it was removed up to the middle of the town, but they ſtill bury in the old yard. The bridge of Inverury is a magnificent ſtructure of three arches, the middle one 63 feet wide, and each of the ſide ones 55: the foundation was laid on the 27th June 1789, and finiſhed in 1791; it coſt about 2000l. ſterling, and was built by ſubſcription, which does honour to thoſe noblemen and gentlemen who had the good of the public ſo much at heart, and will perpetuate their memories, when their bodies are crumbled into duſt, and their ſouls (I hope) enjoying the pleaſures of eternal day.

There are many cairns on the hill of Artannas, which ſhew that ſome great battle had been fought there.

A little eaſt of this is the church of Kinkell, a great part of the walls being yet ſtanding; in the eaſt gavel is a window of exquiſite workmanſhip; in the north wall are ſome tomb-ſtones with images finely cut, and coats of arms, bearing date 1580; the font ſtones are finely carved. This church was the habitation of the Knights of Jeruſalem, as there was an order of Knight Templars inſtituted by Pope Gelaſius about anno 1120, whoſe office and vow was to defend the Temple and Sepulchre at Jeruſalem, &c.

The parſon of Kinkell was a great man in the chapter; he was patron of 7 churches, viz. Kinkell, Kintore, Kinnellar, Skene, Kemnay, Dyce, and Drumblate. This patronage and

Down the tranſparent ſtream they gently glide,
Through flow'ry meads, that lie on every ſide.

parſonage were annexed to the principal of St. Leonard's College of St. Andrews, who is dean thereof. This church was unroofed about 40 ago, ſo was Montkeggie, near Keith-hall, and a new one built at Legate, and to her was annexed 2-3ds of the pariſh of Kinkell, and the other 1-3d to the pariſh of Kintore. In the pariſh of Kinkell are three druidical temples, and the remains of three more in this diſtrict. There are alſo three great cairns, one near Balbithan, called Cairn More; one at Kinmuck, and one on the hill of Selbie, which commands a proſpect of all Buchan, Garioch, and Formartin, from Aberdeen to Peterhead. Near the houſe of Balbithan is a ſmall ring ground, called the Law, where juſtice was wont to be adminiſtered.

Tradition records, that a great battle was fought between the Scots and Danes on the muir of Kinmuck, i. e. Bear's Head; a range of folds near it is now arable, called with the muir Plaire Haſſie, i. e. the Field of Blood. Here the Scots army killed a bear, from which the place takes its name. Many cairns are ſcattered over the muir; the field of battle extended the whole length of the pariſh of Kinkell, being two miles. The Danes were defeated, and purſued to Dennyburn, now called Denſyburn, on the ſouth ſide of the pariſh. Johnſtone, the famous Latin poet, was born at Caſkieben. The remains of that caſtle are ſtill to be ſeen in the fir wood, near the houſe of Keith-hall. The Johnſtones had it before the Earl of Kintore bought it. Captain Johnſtone was executed for helping Captain Campbell, Argyle's brother, to ſteal away Mrs. Mary Wharton, a rich heireſs, 13 years of age, about the year 1689. Half way between the bridge of Inverury and Kintore, is a ſtone about five feet long, ſtanding upright, with many curious engravings on it; at the bottom is the form of a half-moon, and two halberts croſſing each other; and at the top, engravings without any regular form or figure. It is a little off the road, on the eaſt ſide, about 50 yards eaſt from a druidical circle; the circle is 30 yards diameter, ſurrounded by a ditch only; a gateway ſtraight through it, from north to ſouth, having ſix large ſtones, about ſix feet high, ſet perpendicular in a circular form within the area, five yards apart, with

While round the rural charms you caſt your eye,
A fabric fair and beauteous you deſcry,
Built by great Marſhall, of unſullied race,
Whoſe glorious acts do oft our annals grace;
Firm in his ſoul, and dauntleſs in his mind,
(g) He's known the nobleſt of Clancattan's kind,

one in the center, and a circle of looſe ſtones round the inner circle.

(g) Viz. George Keith, Earl Marſhall, who is originally deſcended from the Catti, a people of Germany; for amongſt the many migrations of the northern nations, a clan of the Catti ſettled in Caithneſs about the year 700, which gave the preſent name to the country, and where the Prince of the Catti for many years exerciſed a kind of independent juriſdiction.

About the year 1025, the Danes invaded Scotland with a powerful army, under their leader Camus; and Malcolm King of Scotland inviting the Prince of the Catti to his aſſiſtance, he readily came, and at the battle of Balbridge, in Angus, the Scots obtained a complete victory over the Danes; their general, Camus, endeavouring to eſcape, was purſued by the Prince of the Catti, who overtook and killed him; but another Scots nobleman coming up at the time, diſputed the honour of the death of Camus with the Prince of the Catti; and the King coming up at the ſame inſtant, and each party ſtanding to his pretenſions, found there was no other way of ſettling the diſpute, but by allowing the chieftains to decide it by ſingle combat. The Prince of the Catti was victor; and the other with his laſt breath acknowledged his claim. So the King, Malcolm, dipping three of his fingers in the blood of the dying champion, and applying them to the ſhoulders of the Prince of the Catti, made three bloody ſtrokes, or bars as the herald calls them, ſaying at the ſame time, "Veritas vincit," i. e. Truth conquers: and theſe have been the arms and motto of the family of Keith ever ſince. A figured obeliſk was erected over his grave, and is ſtill to be ſeen, in the village of Aberlemno, under the name of Camus' Croſs.

This ſervice of the Prince of the Catti was rewarded with very large poſſeſſions in Scotland, moſt of which, to this day, have the adjunct of Keith to their deſignations: and in time,

Abhors all offers, that could make him quit
His country's love, that honour of the great;
For all the riches of the earth, or main,
He his unblemiſh'd honour would not ſtain.
The great Montroſe long ſcorn'd a tyrant's ſway,
And liv'd in exile, rather than obey;
By virtue led, he gain'd a deathleſs fame,
And adds new laurels to his race and name.
(*b*) See how brave Keith now treads the Ruſſian plain,
And ſnowy mountains where fierce Tartars reign!

he married the daughter of the Earl Marſhall of Scotland, by which he obtained that dignity to be hereditary in his family, and in old writers he is called Keith Marſhall.

Their dignity, as Marſhalls, obliged them to live moſtly at court, and at great expence, which in time reduced their great eſtates; it was ſtill, however, greater than any ſubject's in Scotland.

At the Reformation, to which the family of Marſhall were early and ſteady friends, and in the year 1593, they founded an Univerſity at Aberdeen, which has produced ſome of the moſt learned men among the Scots.

(*b*) Viz. James Francis Edward Keith, brother to the Earl Marſhall, and Field Marſhal of the Ruſſians, and afterwards of the Pruſſians; for having joined the Earl of Mar in the Rebellion 1715, he, with his brother the Earl, was obliged to go abroad, where he was made a Field Marſhal in the Ruſſian army, and ſtayed ſome years; afterwards he was, by the renowned Frederick King of Pruſſia, made Field Marſhal in his army, at that time at war with the Houſe of Auſtria. Here he ſtayed until the year 1758, when he was killed at the battle of Hoch-Kitchen, in Luſatia, by the Auſtrians under Count Daun, in the 63d year of his age. He was found in the field of battle by the Auſtrians next day, and carried to the chapel of Bautzen, where he was buried with all the military honours due to his rank, under a triple diſcharge of 12 pieces of cannon, and of the ſmall arms of the regiment of Collerdo. With reſpect to his military capacity, let the ſiege of Oczakow, the battles

Clio, deſcend! with martial heart inſpire;
Teach me to praiſe the youth whom I admire;
And ſing the Hero, whoſe exalted name
Stands 'mongſt the foremoſt in the rolls of fame;
Whoſe courage ſoon made his high merit known
To the great Empreſs on the Ruſſian throne;
By her he ſoon was raiſed to command,
And ſent to view the limits of her land;
That when her troops review'd, her forts ſurvey'd,
By his advice all might have timely aid.
He ſaw the dangers he muſt then engage
Requir'd the prudence of maturer age;
Yet the great genius which his mind poſſeſt,
And high deſigns, ſwell'd in his youthful breaſt;
No toil thought painful, nor no danger hard,
Where fame and honour are the great reward.
Thro' her wide empire he his march began,
Review'd her troops, and ſquadrons every one;
From Baltic ocean to the Caſpian ſhore,
He her commands to towns and cities bore;
Each caſtle, fort, and citadel ſurveys,
That to the Ruſſian power obedience pays;
Gave in the plan, which he had drawn with care,
To ſhew that ſtores were needful every where;
Declared what appear'd at each review,
And praiſe beſtow'd on each, where praiſe was due.
The prudent ſages, who in council ſate,
To poiſe the mighty matters of the ſtate,
Charm'd with what he relates, exactly know
How to attack, and how oppoſe the foe.

of Williamſtadt and Roſbach, and the dangerous but ſafe retreat of the Pruſſians from Prague, &c. under his conduct, before a ſuperior force, witneſs.

This taſk perform'd, he grapples with new toils,
And quells the warlike Poles' inteſtine broils;
Through climes where Ruſſians were not wont to tread,
The choſen troops our gallant hero led;
Imperial and Muſcovian eagles join,
And ſpread their banners on the rapid Rhine;
The haughty Gaul ſhuns the impending blow,
And ſhuns too joining with the former foe;
Italian conqueſts quickly he reſigns,
Betrays his allies, and his former friends;
To Poland's crown gives up his father's claim,
And begs a peace,—which ſeem'd to France a ſhame;
Yet ſtill the crafty monarch gains Lorrain,
And ſilently lets other claims remain;
Judging by death that ſhortly might enſue,
He better might his former ſchemes renew.
By ſudden death the German monarch fell,
And who ſucceeds, the French alone can tell.
Next Cæſarina from the earth retir'd,
And all ſucceeded as the French deſir'd.
When this great Empreſs' death her general heard,
For his young Prince the hero greatly fear'd;
He knew the German who poſſeſs'd the ſway,
Would various means, and every method try,
To gain the chiefs and generals to his ſide,
To fix his power, and agrandiſe his pride;
New oaths he'd make the peers and prelates take,
That when they pleas'd they could their Prince forſake.
Thus Biron hop'd, in this corrupted age,
Like others, he the Ruſſians might engage,
By bribes and places, to betray the cauſe

Of their true Prince, his liberties and laws.
As Keith foreſaw, the tyrant came to act,
And by his threats began his bribes to back;
Yet Keith declar'd he was a Briton born,
And oaths unjuſt he muſt reject with ſcorn;
Tho' for the lawful Prince he'd ope each vein,
And with his blood the Ruſſian rights maintain.
Thus wiſely he thoſe wicked oaths deny'd,
O laſting ſhame to natives who comply'd!

(*i*) Behold how Fintray's plains delight the eye!
For fertile ſoil there's none can them outvie;

(*i*) Meant Weſter Fintray, now belonging to George Skene of Skene, Eſq; but formerly to Sir John Forbes of Craigievar, who owned it when Montroſe burnt Fintray, about the year 1640, during the troubles of King Charles I. This Sir John Forbes, about this time in Kintore, ſhot Craigmiles' ſervant, inſtead of his maſter, upon which he was obliged to pay 20*l.* Scots to the town of Kintore yearly, which money is duly paid to this day, by the Provoſt, Sir W. F.

The Forbeſes became poſſeſſed of Fintray, viz. Muckle Fintray, as follows:—In the minority of James I. Alexander, called Lord Forbes, obtained a grant of the lands of Muckle Fintray, Blackton, and Balcroſs, from John Stuart Earl of Buchan, being Regent, whoſe grandſon, Patrick Forbes laird of Corſe, and ſome time biſhop of Aberdeen, got the lands of Fintray, and he being anceſtor to Sir John Forbes of Craigievar, poſſeſſed the lands of Fintray, which Sir John or his ſon ſold to Skene.

Kintore, or Kintaur, which ſignifies the Bull's Head, was made a royal borough in the time of Kenethus II. who began his Reign anno 387, at Kall-foreſt. About a mile weſt from Kintore, is an old caſtle of the ſame name; it was the principal reſidence of the Kintore family before they fought Caſkieben; it is a ſquare tower, five ſtories high, with thick walls; has been all arched, with a moat ſurrounding it, though now dry; it had taken its name from that great foreſt or wood of oak, that was on the hill betwixt it and Kemnay.

See the enamell'd meads, extended wide,
Augment the river's beauty on each ſide!
They are poſſeſs'd by Skeen, of known renown,
Juſt to his country, faithful to the crown.
See where yon fields lie beautifully ſpread,
There Dyce reſides, amidſt the pleaſant ſhade;
Down as we paſs, fair Lamington we view,
Whoſe friendly welcome all our joys renew,
An antient baron of fam'd Forbes' name,
Match'd with a Roſs, a dame of mighty fame.
Obſerve below, where with becoming pride

The origin of the Kintore family is this—In the reign of Charles I. William Earl Marſhall, having married Mary, daughter to John Earl of Mar, by her he had William, his ſucceſſor, George, and John Keith the youngeſt; which ſaid John being inſtrumental in ſecuring the Regalia of Scotland from falling into the hands of Oliver Cromwell, was, after the reſtoration, June 26, 1677, made Earl of Kintore, he being created Knight-Marſhal at the reſtoration 1661, by Charles II. he was alſo by the ſaid king made privy counſellor and treaſurer depute; and by Lady Margaret Hamilton, his wife, daughter to Thomas, Earl of Haddington, he had a ſon, William, Lord Keith, and two daughters; which William married Catharine, daughter of David Murray, Viſcount Stormount; by her he had John his heir, William, and two daughters; of which Lady Catharine the eldeſt was married to David, Lord Halkerton, whoſe grandſon is the preſent Anthony Falkoner Keith, Earl of Kintore. The above John Keith having married Miſs Erſkine, daughter of James Erſkine of Grange, had no iſſue; upon which his brother ſucceeded him as Earl of Kintore, who never married;—at his death the eſtate fell to George, Earl of Marſhall, who dying abroad without iſſue, the eſtate fell to the preſent Earl of the Halkerton family. Oppoſite to this is Kinnellar, in which are three Cairns with broad baſes; Cairn O'Neil on the farm of Kinnellar, Cairn of Semlines at Aquhorſh, above Achrony, &c. In the wall of the Church are ſome ſtones, ten feet long and four thick; it ſeems there has been a Druidical Temple there formerly.

Fair Stonywood ſtands by the river's ſide,
Whoſe owner long maintain'd our antient laws,
And ſtood, like Cato, to his country's cauſe.
Next in our paſſage, as we croſs the flood,
A bulwark ſtands, built of ſtrong ſtone and wood,
Whoſe curious engines ruſhing water hide,
To catch the ſalmon of the flowing tide,
Who with the weſtern gales forſake the main,
To taſte the river, and return again.
Near this an Arch, between two rocks is ſeen,
Full threeſcore feet make up the ſpace between;
The wondrous ſtructure charms th' aſtoniſh'd eye,
(*k*) No arch in Britain with the ſame can vie.

Its weird is,—

Bridge of Balgownie, wight is thy wa',
Wi' a wife's ae ſon, and mare's ae foal, down ſhalt thou fa'.

(*k*) It was built by Henry Chyne, then Biſhop of Old Aberdeen, in 1290, and repaired by King Robert Bruce. In 1606, Alexander Hay, Clerk Regiſter of Aberdeen, beqeathed land rents, amounting to 72l. Scots yearly to ſupport the Bridge.——It is 66 feet 6 inches wide, and 34 feet 6 inches high at low water, at full tide 19 feet above it.

FINIS.